

THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY

SPACIOUS DAYS OF ELIZABETH  
VIA MIDSUMMER INDIGESTION.

The Cheshire Cheese and the Historical Novel. Indigestion is a dream. Play of 200 Years Ago - A Milder Story. Comedy. Apt. Saitre - Minute Dupree.

If novelty of idea, a modicum of comedy and an unusually clever and sustained vein of satire on the historical romance can compensate for entire lack of drama and story, then many will be induced to take "The Road to Yesterday," which was opened up last night at the Herald Square Theatre.

The play is the result of collaboration between Miss Beulah Dix, author of historical romances, and Mrs. E. C. Satterthwaite, dramatist of novels. The first and last acts take place in a London studio, and the second and third represent the people there disclosed as they lived, or might have lived, during the spacious days of Elizabeth.

Just how they all hit the pike for that return journey of three hundred years is not definitely made clear. Ostensibly it is because of the fact attested by an Irish servant - that wishes made on midsummer eve come true. A more plausible explanation is that the heroine has just lunched at The Cheshire Cheese and is suffering from the effects of indigestion. You may take your choice. The former explanation is better on the score of poetry, but the latter, later to be preferred on the score of physiology. It will especially appeal to all who have had the misfortune of lurching at The Cheshire Cheese.

It is Miss Minnie Dupree, who has eaten the lunch, who makes the play what it is. She is the heroine, who plays the chief part in the two acts of the "comedy-fantasy" of reincarnation. The first of the antique scenes discloses her as a chore girl, who is vainly endeavoring to accustom herself to the earlier personalities of her relatives and friends and to reconcile the violent and squalid Elizabethan reality with notions derived from historical romance. The mingling of dream and actuality is managed very cleverly and the picture of old manners is amazingly faithful.

The heroine wakes up at last in the studio, and the scenes of her return from those spacious days, again cleverly mingling dream and actuality, give scope to no little comedy of confused identity. At the end of the play she seems about to partake of a midnight supper of roast rabbit and ale. There is a horrible threat that for once in a blue moon, in spite of some dulness and an entire lack of sustained narrative, the sheer novelty of the play is amusing; but once it is enough to hit the pipe with dreams of yesterday. The tin horn of the happy new year which greeted the audience upon their return from the theatre was to be preferred by far.

Reports from the road assure us that the play has enjoyed unusual popularity, and it is alleged that the success of "The Road to Yesterday" has led to the idea of a new play to be played in London. Be that as it may, it clearly afforded last night's audience no little amusement and of a kind unusually fine and intelligent, if by no means substantial or sustained. If it had appeared in the height of the craze for the kind of play that satirizes the world and the chance of unusual success, it might stand, what it most needs is a recipe to go back on the road to the past some four or five years. But not even such a recipe as that at midnight, it is to be feared, will accomplish that.

The production deserves a word of special praise. Two quick changes were accomplished with rare celerity and effect. The cast was competent throughout. - White Whitley, Robert Dempster and Owen Nestor, Miriam Nestor, Alice Gale and John Blane took prominent parts with unusual command of such details of impersonation as produce the effect of imagination. As the gayest of the gay, the play was always impressive and had one moment of really convincing action.

COLLIER, AUTHOR AND ACTOR.

The Star Wins Favor in a Farce of His Own Construction.

When William Collier was called to the footlights for a speech at the end of the second act of his new farce, "Caught in the Rain" at the Garrick Theatre last night it was hard to tell whether the enthusiastic applause was meant for Willie Collier the actor or William Collier the author. Probably it was meant as a tribute for both, as both deserved it. In the modest little talk which followed, Mr. Collier told about a friend who broke the news to him that he was not a great play and he confided to the audience that he had known that fact for some time. In a way he was right. Farces are seldom great.

"Caught in the Rain" is not great, but when a résumé of the present theatrical season is made the little play will undoubtedly be classed among the real successes and Collier's acting is sure to be remembered with pleasure.

Grant Stewart, another member of the company, is credited on the programme as being a part author and he shared the applause that was meant for the playwright. He said the star whom he supports have turned out a piece which could succeed even if it were acted by less capable actors and actresses than appeared in it last night. It has a much more sensible and possible plot than is often the case in plays of a similar kind and the bright lines begin at the beginning and last until the final curtain. They had last night's audience chuckling within a minute from the start and laughing almost continuously thereafter. The play is certainly one of the funniest seen in many a day.

The part which Mr. Collier has written for himself does not depart much from those which he has acted heretofore. He's the same smooth, finished actor as ever, and the fun that comes from his quick answers and repartee is as infectious as ever.

His role is that of Dick Crawford, a young mine manager, who has the knack of getting along with his men. He doesn't understand women, however, and for that reason is afraid of them and avoids them at every opportunity. When a sudden thunder storm springs up he takes refuge under a awning and finds too late that a woman is there, too. That's how he meets the girl, and the rainstorm which only wins him the love of the first act was as wet as the real thing outside.

It is impossible to outline properly in brief space the remainder of the plot, as the account will not be made here. It is only necessary to say that he loses the girl to a man utterly unworthy of her through a misunderstanding, and that he wins her back by his own ability as a manager and an abrupt and insistent suitor.

The supporting company was excellent. George Nash was particularly convincing as a Western mining man, whose love of money and desire to accomplish everything he undertook made him forget almost everything else. Nanette Constock was charming as the girl and John Saville, Wallace Edinger, Grant Stewart, Joseph McFarland, Jane Laurel, Helena Collier, George Nash and Louise Drew filled the other parts satisfactorily.

Posting and statement making all at once on an E. L. LIOTT-FISHER POSTING MACHINE AND ADDING TYPEWRITER

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Books and Authors.

Joseph Conrad, after many years as a sailor, has settled down in a quiet slant-roofed cottage near Hythe in Kent, England. About the house are thick clustering vines that the English designate as "creepers," and a garden filled with old fashioned flowers. From the cottage windows there is a wide outlook over a beautiful view.

The first important book of the new year published by McClure, Phillips & Co. will be "The Mystery," by Stewart Edward White and Samuel Hopkins Adams. It will appear on January 2.

J. C. Leyendecker has made two paintings of Cuchulain in battle and of Queen Meave, which are reproduced in color to illustrate Theodore Roosevelt's article on "The Ancient Irish Saga" in the January Century.

Mrs. John Lane has a paper in the January Putnam on "The Tyranny of Clothes" which will appeal to feminine readers. "When one looks back on one's life - one's feminine life - it is melancholy to realize how much of one's troubles are owing to one's clothes," she says. "I remember the despairing cry of a woman 'I wish I were a plebeian cotton origin. I wish I were a guinea hen with respectable speckled feathers; then I wouldn't use up three quarters of my intellect getting the wrong things cheap.'"

The leading article in the February World's Work will be "The Twentieth Century in Canada," by Agnes C. Laut, the Canadian novelist. She prophesies that during the present century Canada will be the seat of the greatest industrial and agricultural activity of the Western hemisphere.

Mr. Alden gives an interesting summary of the development of periodical publication in the "Editor's Study" of the January Harper's. From the earliest folklore and poetry as represented in Hesiod's "Works and Days," which were calendarary in nature, to the present day, the first periodicals in the shape of farmer's almanacs, the writer follows the evolution of the periodical through the mastery pamphleteering of the seventeenth century, the essay of the Spectator to the earliest type of monthly magazine made up of miscellaneous contributions. "The novel and the monthly magazine emerged during the same generation. Together they were the polite society they helped to abolish pedantry, and we may justly say that they brought the development of modern English prose literature to a stage of finished grace and elegance not hitherto reached even in the noble examples furnished by Bacon, Taylor, Milton and Sir Thomas Browne, who wrote as men must write who have not been brought into intimate accord with the idiomatic expression of a general audience."

"The Kingdom of Light," by George Record Peck in the current Putnam's, is attracting much attention from business men and thoughtful readers because it is an earnest plea for the things of the spirit as opposed to the commercial interests of life. It is written by a successful lawyer, who has recently retired from the presidency of the American Bar Association. "The Kingdom of Light is the kingdom of the intellect, of the imagination, of the heart, of the spirit and the things of the spirit," Mr. Peck writes. "The Lord put it in my way to learn long ago that we cannot eat poetry or art or sunbeams. And yet I hold that these things are the things of the spirit. The things of the spirit are more than half the value. The ox and his master differ in level of dignity if neither rises above the level of the stomach or the manger."

Several of Ibsen's posthumous works are likely to be published soon, and a lost poem, "To My Accomplish," written by him appears in a Danish Christmas annual. "To My Accomplish" was written in 1894 as a bitter greeting to Norway for not helping Denmark in the war with Germany. The poem disappeared and Ibsen himself regarded it as lost, but it has again come to light.

Robert Shackleton has an entertaining article in the current Harper's on "Free and Independent Luxembourg," the little independent country which would have remained a province of the Netherlands if Queen Wilhelmina had not been a girl. Its Constitution makes the succession hereditary in the male line of Nassau, and at Wilhelmina's accession it entered the circle of independent kingdoms of Europe, which are the delight of the romance writer. The present Grand Duke has six daughters, and as there are no other heirs there is to be invoked a constitutional interpretation by which the eldest is to rule over the country of many castles and historic associations.

The seventh edition of Mr. Watts-Dunton's "The Coming of Love" is out of print and an eighth is to appear before Christmas. Its special features are six additional sonnets, and a preface in which the underlying religious motive of the poem is presented.

The favorite books of the season in England are the work of women - Lady Dorothy Neville's "Reminiscences," Mrs. Mannington Caffyn's new novel, Lady Trowbridge's new book, "The Woman Thou Gavest," and "The Far Horizon" by Lucas Malet, Mrs. St. Ledger Harrington's "The Gifted Daughter," of Charles Kingsley, whom in many ways she is said to resemble.

E. Boyd Smith's pictorial representation of "The Story of Pocahontas and Captain John Smith" is of special interest in view of the 300th anniversary of the settlement of Jamestown, to be celebrated this coming spring. The cover design is a facsimile of the coat of arms, with its crest and motto, of the Virginia Colony, not the seal of the State of Virginia. In place of the conventional "supporters" Mr. Smith has used Pocahontas and John Smith, they being the "supporters" of the Virginia Colony, according to the story.

Two hundred copies of the first edition of "The Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn" by Elizabeth Bisland have been printed and bound entirely uncut, and each contains a page of Hearn's original manuscript, which will give these copies special attraction for lovers of first editions.

FAUST AT THE METROPOLITAN.

GERALDINE FARRAR HEARD HERE AS "MARGUERITE."

An Effective Picture in the Part of Gounod's Heroine - Rousseiere the "Faust" and Pioncon Presents His Familiar "Mephistopheles" - The Scenery New.

A Marguerite that has been much admired in Berlin was revealed for the first time in New York at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening, before a large audience and to much applause, when Miss Geraldine Farrar appeared as Gounod's heroine. The New Year had almost arrived when Faust departed for the inferior regions with his friend Mephistopheles on board the Hades Limited.

Naturally there was a good deal of legitimate curiosity to see how Miss Farrar would acquit herself. The existence of this curiosity was a natural complement of the interest aroused by her previous appearances in this country. Moreover, her Marguerite was much admired in Berlin. On the pictorial side there is little but praise to be said of her representation. She is probably the youngest Marguerite that ever came to Manhattan and the eye that is not pleased with her grace and beauty must be most misanthropic. She has her own notions, has Miss Marguerite, about clothes, but surely if such an unfortunate creature may not be allowed to dress as she jolly well pleases, something's very rotten in the State.

Now, of course, it is very nice for little Marguerites to be admired in Berlin or anywhere else, very nice indeed; but it is highly desirable that they should forget it when they get to New York, at least on those nights when they are appearing at the Metropolitan Opera House - well, between the hours of 8 and 12 P. M., at all events.

This is no harsh desire to deprive any Marguerite of pleasant recollections. By no means. It is merely a statement founded upon the belief that no Marguerite can possibly combine in her singular person a too lively memory of Berlin audiences and at the same time the capacity for being convincingly victimized by Faust. This may have a captious sound, but good persons have come to piteous grief from trying to do too much at once. So why not Marguerite?

There was a good deal to admire in Miss Farrar's singing and it was duly admired and applauded, even by those who are thoughtful persons who grieved when they thought they discovered signs of age and weariness such as no fresh young Marguerite should have in her most aspiring notes. But of course it was pleasant to see a Marguerite that Berlin has admired, and last night's audience was clearly an admiring one.

M. Rousseiere also made his New York bow as Faust. He was a pretty Faust and got much applause from a good many persons who like that kind of a Faust. M. Rousseiere sang Faust's music last Friday at the Manhattan Opera House and it may not be too obvious to some of us to say that M. Rousseiere has much the better way of making his music. M. Plancon's Mephistopheles has been many times seen here. It is just the same old black Prince of Darkness as ever, and that means the most brutish sort of darkness there is. Plancon was in his best form and got a rousing encore for his "Hail, D'Or!"

M. Straciarri was the Valentin. He made a manly and graceful figure and poured out the vibrato from a prodigious throat. It seems proper to say a word here about a reprehensible habit to which the Metropolitan's chorus is addicted - the habit of drinking deep draughts out of very obviously empty flagons. This is a most evil custom that ought to be discouraged by poison, the stocks or the ducking stool. It is, indeed, the gravest of all the sins of the merry village. It is doubtful if on this account that the orchestra did not like the chorus last night and most of the time sneaked along behind it, pretending it didn't know it.

There was an entirely new set of scenery to replace that lost in the earthquake. "It was rich and varied as a whole, the garden scene being perfect with the exception of a back drop that closely resembled that fine residence district West Fifty-seventh street. It would be easy to say that the performance as a whole with the Manhattan Opera House "Faust," but it's enough to say that there's no reason to stay away from one just because you have heard the other.

"BREWSTER'S MILLIONS" PLEASES

Successful Play From the Metropolitan Book - Edward Abeles Scores as Star.

"Brewster's Millions," the play made from George Barr McCutcheon's book, was produced last night at the New Amsterdam Theatre. It met with decided favor and there was no end of applause for Edward Abeles, the star, and for certain stage effects which revealed the clever hand of Fred Thompson.

McCutcheon's book dealt with the trouble Brewster had in getting rid of a million in a year in order to get a bequest of seven millions. Brewster's efforts to get rid of money furnished a continuous round of amusing scenes. The final curtain fell with a hearty laugh from the crowded house.

The programme leaves it to the audience to decide whether the play was light comedy, farce or melodrama, and the vote was decidedly for light comedy. But there was one effective bit of tragedy. Brewster organized a business office to help him spend money and gave his friends jobs. They, not knowing the reason for his spending money, tried to restrain him. They had to hear about the million dollars who called them grafters. One of these friends, Nipper Harrison, took \$35,000 of Brewster's money, hoping to make a coup which would replace some of the thousands Brewster was throwing away. He lost. Disclosure came and in a passionate outburst he unbosomed himself to Brewster, who for the first time seemed to realize that he was making trouble for his friends. Nipper was played in strong fashion by George Probert.

The hand of Fred Thompson, who, with Winchell Smith, produces the play, was seen in Act III, on board Brewster's yacht. The picture of life startingly lifelike. The deck of the yacht was seen in the foreground, while back of it appeared waves that really rolled and the lights of a distant city. Then came a storm which brought forth round after round of applause.

Mr. Abeles made his first appearance as a star on Broadway with some misgivings, as he has been suffering since Saturday with a bad cold. There was no evidence of any indisposition last night. His work was smooth and convincing and the applause was hearty and unrestrained. For the second act he made a little speech.

The cast was of a high level of merit. Every member of it spoke distinctly, which is a rarity. Mary Ryan as Peggy Brewster's best friend, was charming. Emily Lytton, Josephine Park, Olin Murray, Cecile Breton and Amy Summers acquitted themselves with credit.

There were a number of promising young actors in the cast. Jack Devereaux, in a natural manner, played the part of a young man of some years but in a discretion. He would interrupt and play pranks at solemn moments. His friends of the audience said he paid the bill. George Clara made a sufficiently imposing butler.

The play was wrought out of the book by Winchell Smith and Fred Thompson. Son & Dundie are the backers, and there is every indication that their first venture into the legitimate will prove successful.

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Broadway & 19th Street

New York at the Lincoln Square Theatre last night, is a reminder of the good old days before farce comedy and comic opera were so nearly related.

The piece is a "farce with a song now and then," according to the programme, and it quite lives up to the promise. Of many recent attempts at entertainers of this sort "Matilda" is perhaps the most successful, made so by some bright, catchy music and a competent company.

It is the work of the late I. N. Norris, and tells a somewhat conventional story. An amateur actor, Matilda, learns that she is an heiress, the fortune having been left to her and her cousin, Lord Jermynham, upon the condition that they marry. The refusal of either to fulfill this condition was to be cause for disinheritance. And the estate was to go to the other. Matilda was already in love with a young attorney, Lester Markham, and she persuaded Ted Archer, an amateur actor, to impersonate her. The scheme worked so successfully

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Blankets and Bedspreads (Third Floor) of popular grades at the following prices: Blankets, three-quarter bed size, per pair, \$4.85 and 7.50. Blankets, large size, per pair, 5.75 and 9.50. Bedspreads, each, \$2.10, 2.35 and 3.25. Comfortables (wool filled), each, 6.75.

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Charles Lane was a rather boisterous granduncle and Miss Clara Thompson somewhat violent as the other member of the English aristocracy.